

PORNOGRAPHY IN COLOR

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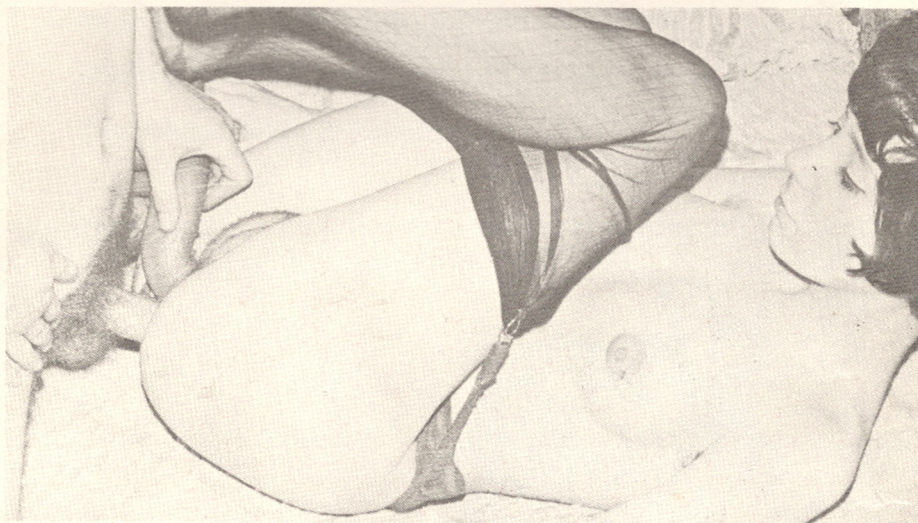
Inhalt: Pornografische Farb-Bildern. Nur für Erwachsene

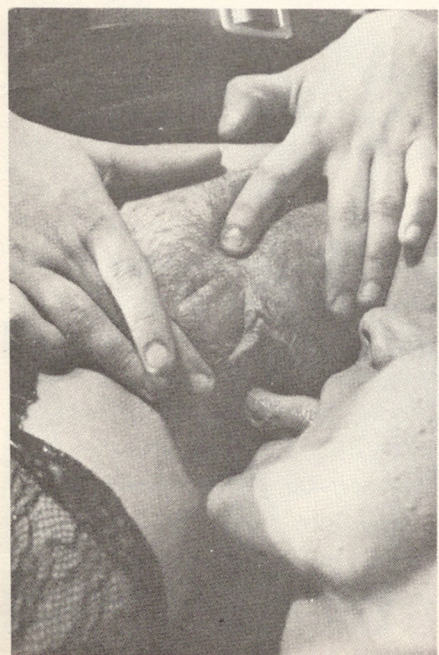
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48 pages with English Text • 48 Seiten mit deutschem Text

COLOR - CLIMAX CAVALCADE







Bottoms Up

by ADRIAN JOHNSON

Mr Madsen, the draper, was sitting in his tiny office at the back of his shop, gazing through the peephole at the well-made young sales assistant who was just new dressing the shop window. He watched her graceful movements with obvious displeasure, and his podgy little fingers stroked the stubbles on his chin.

Finally he got up, opening the door. "Ah, Miss Hansen," he called, "could you spare me a moment."

Lone Hansen let the fabric fall down on the counter with an annoyed movement. Damn, she thought, what does the old duffer want now? Her thoughts moved in a more than usual disrespectful direction because it was nearly time to knock off and she had made a date shortly after. No doubt the old fool wanted her to work over time.

Sulking demonstratively she walked over to the boss, her seventeen-year-

old back radiating defiance and her long shapely legs swishing provocatively.

Out of the corner of her eyes she saw the other apprentice and the sales assistant putting their coats on and walking out of the door, into freedom . . . The boss had seated himself behind the desk, pretending to look through some papers. He did not look up at her.

She got impatient. "Well, what was it?" He leaned back in his chair, his tiny eyes staring directly into hers and he slowly snapped his fingers. "Well," he said slowly, pushing the tips of his fingers against each other with a sanctimonious look, "I regret very much that I have to say this, but . . ." He paused and his eyes took her in, hard and questioningly.

Lone leaned against the door frame, one hand on her hips, and her mini

skirt seemed to slide a little further up while the muscles of her thighs tensed. Her boss did not miss the extra flesh that suddenly got exposed, and his eyes rested on the smooth thighs a little longer than necessary. Without thinking about it he stuck out his tongue and licked his lips.

Somehow Lone felt as if she had won a victory over the fat ugly little man who might be her boss but who certainly was not immune to her attractions. She further accentuated her pose by turning her hips a little more and her eyes looked straight into his.

"OK, what is it?" she said with a voice which clearly expressed her impudence and arrogance. Mr Madsen was obviously trying to pull himself together, and without looking straight at her he quickly said, "The other day, Miss Hansen, I saw one of your friends meeting you here after work. She was wearing a dress which I thought I recognised as one of our models." He made a pause and tried to look at her. Lone did not answer but looked straight ahead, and her look grew less arrogant.

"Afterwards I went over the stock," the boss went on, "and that particular model gown was not there." His voice had an edge to it now, and his awkwardness had disappeared. "You're a

thief, Miss Hansen," he said abruptly. Lone gave a start. "How are you going to explain that precisely your friend came into the shop in a model gown which is only sold in my shop, and which has *not* been sold?" Madsen raised his voice and went on. "Why don't you answer, the rest of the staff do not know anything about the gown, so it must be you who sold it!"

Lone was still silent. But slowly a deep flush covered her face. Hell and damnation, she thought, what do I do now?

How was she to explain to the old duffer that her wages were not nearly enough for all the things she wanted. And that the theft of the gown had been an impulsive, desperate act to get out of an acute financial difficulty. And that Bitten had been more than willing to buy the gown. She was seething with rage at Bitten who had been so daft as to walk into the shop in the stolen gown. And even more she damned the boss and his fat little cheeks and his sneaking eyes and his podgy little fingers that sometimes pinched her bottom slightly when he was in a friendly mood. Damn it all . . . The tears came into her eyes, not in remorse, more in a sort of childish vexation at being found out . . . And

to deny it would be hopeless.

She looked openly at her boss but he misinterpreted her tears and thought he had defeated her. He suddenly became almost paternal and kind. "Of course you understand," he said, "that . . ."

"I'll pay it next week," she blurted out.

He gave her a long look and suddenly all his kindness vanished from his eyes. Was she tougher than he had thought, was there no remorse behind the tears, was she after all the damned bitch she looked like when she had leaned against the door frame and nearly had made him come in his pants.

"Pay," he almost sneered, "do you think you can be let off a theft just by paying. Do you think you can get off free by offering to pay the next time, too, or what, Miss Hansen? No, I am afraid I shall have to turn you over to the police . . ."

He looked at her to see the effect of his words. Lone looked down. If the police was informed about this she might be sentenced to prison, she thought, and in any case her parents were bound to know. She trembled at the thought of her father's reaction. He'd be furious, bawl at her, and perhaps beat her up. Just as he did the

other day when he had surprised her and Orla in her room. Her father had entered exactly at the moment when Orla had been putting his dick into her hole. The old man had gone completely berserk and had slapped Orla's face, too.

Mr Madsen followed his victory up. "Perhaps you'll be sent to a detention centre . . . perhaps this is not the first time you have stolen, I am sure we can look forward to a lot of interesting stories."

Lone was utterly dejected. "Won't you please let me off, I'll never do it again." Her voice was faint and her shoulders drooped. "Please don't hand me over to the police, dear Mr Madsen . . ."

"Well . . ." Madsen enjoyed his role as judge, his short body seemed to grow in the chair. "I really don't know what else I should do, had you been my own daughter I would have preferred to settle the matter with a spanking, but this seems to be out of the question." He shook his head regretfully. Now he could watch the girl freely, her impudence having vanished instantaneously. She was a lovely piece and in spite of her seventeen years she could boast some highly grown-up curves: Her taut arse stretched the short mini skirt to bursting

point and her breasts looked firm and large. He loosened his collar and untold possibilities rushed through his brains. This could be it, the possibility of laying his hands on some tender flesh, and not just pinching a fat little arse. His mouth dried up at the thought . . . and if he played his cards properly this would not be the only time. She was completely in his power. "You must understand," he said, "that I have to do something, I can't just for"

"You may smack my bottom, if you want to!" Lone was hardly able to get it out, her eyes were still glued to the floor and she had to swallow hard. "As long as you undertake not to tell anybody . . ." Madsen rubbed his hands underneath the desk in an ecstasy of lust. "Do you realize what you are saying," he asked. Lone nodded and looked at him for a moment. Saw his round face with the flushed cheeks and the greedy eyes. She began to suspect something . . . would he stop at smacking her?

Madsen took a sheet of paper from one of the drawers. "I'll just draw up a statement that you are doing this voluntarily," he said, "and I must ask you to sign it. We might also find a solution as to the price of the gown," he added, "you must bear in mind

that I have lost money on it."

He placed the statement on the table and handed her a ball point. She slowly came closer, then bent over the desk, hesitating to sign.

Madsen leaned back, watching her closely. Not a single curve escaped his eyes and as she bent he had a tantalising glimpse of black panties underneath her skirt. Her face was streaked with tears and her usual pout had tensed into two tight lips. When she raised herself after signing the document, she was humble and fearful, and her lips quivered when he locked the statement up in one of his drawers. He gave her a smile and said, "Well now, Miss Hansen, I hope you won't regret that you have signed. Besides, a smacking won't harm anybody, and perhaps you should have had more. Who knows, some day you may be grateful to me!" He laughed an oddly sneering laugh.

Lone took a step back when his fat hands reached out for her hips. "Come on, little lady," Madsen said, "let's get it over." He wheeled his chair back, pushing his arse forward to make room for her across his knees. He patted his thigh, "Come on," he said with shining eyes.

Lone shivered. She stepped forward hesitatingly. Looking at his bulging

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MODELS

We are looking for girls who would like to pose for *Color Climax*. If you are interested, please drop us a line. We'll love to hear from you!

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SUMMER ROMANCE

Is it not strange how coincidences may start a new and happy friendship? One afternoon after work, the pretty and lissome Inge was watching the passers-by in Copenhagen's pedestrian street, Strøget, when Carola asked permission to sit down beside her. They soon realized that they had a lot in common, so much in fact that they decided to go to Carola's flat instead. Both knew what that meant: they were secretly burning to see each other naked. Inge was the first to undress, kneading her lovely tits. Carola got so excited by this that she threw herself on the bed, making Inge lick her cunt until she was sobbing with lust.

Welche Resultate eine zufällige Sommerbekanntschaft doch manchmal bringt! Inge, eine äusserst hübsche Bankangestellte, hatte gerade Feierabend und betrachtete auf einer Bank in der bekannten Kopenhagener Gehstrasse »Strøget« interessiert die Passanten, als sich Carola bat, sich neben ihr setzen zu dürfen. Es zeigte sich bald, dass sie sich gegenseitig sehr sympathisch fanden und noch dazu so sympathisch, dass sie ausmachten, in Carolas Wohnung zu gehen! Was das bedeutete, wussten beide: Insgeheim brannte jede drauf, die andere unbekleidet zu sehen. Inge zog sich zuerst aus, wobei sie ihre herrlichen Brüste fummelte. Das geilte Carola so auf, dass sie sich gleich auf das Bett schmiss und sich hemmungslos die Votze lecken liess: Ein Bild für Götter. Im Hintergrund spielte süsse Musik, die nur ab und zu von erregtem Stöhnen und Seufzen übertönt wurde.



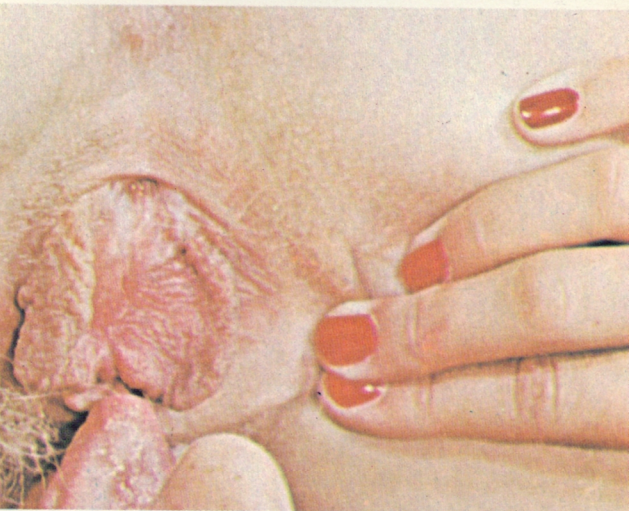


But somehow the passionate kisses, the tender caresses on the cunt lips were not enough! It was as if something was missing, something which would make her friend scream in randiness. In spite of her youth Carola was a genuine lesbian and of course she possessed a fat vibrator which she quickly and diligently brought into action until both girls collapsed exhausted but happy, already looking forward to many joyful hours together.

Aber die leidenschaftlichen Küsse, das zärtliche Betasten der Schamlippen war irgendwie nicht genug! Es war, als ob irgend etwas fehlte, etwas, das die Freundin vor lauter Geilheit zum Schreien bringen konnte. Trotz ihres jungen Alters war Carola schon eine echte Lesbierin, und in ihrem Arsenal befand sich ein dicker Massagestab, der nunmehr tüchtig angewendet wurde, bis beide erschöpft, aber innerlich zufrieden zusammensanken und sich darüber freuten, dass sie sich vor wenigen Stunden erst kennengelernt hatten.

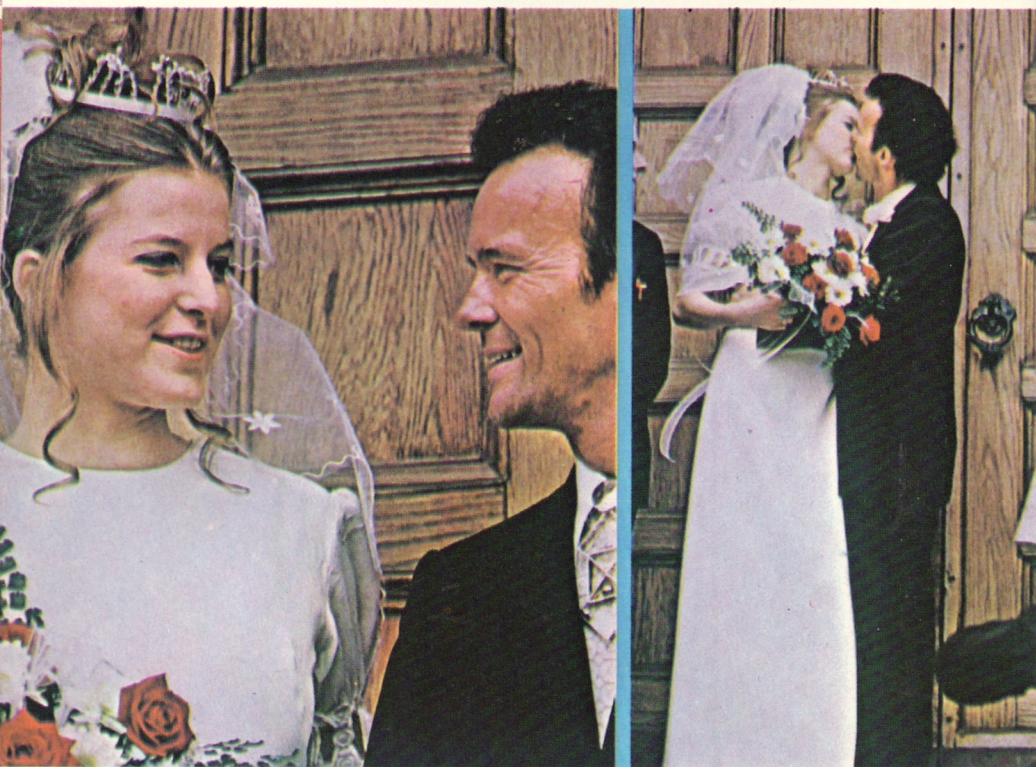












WILLING COMFORTERS

There are two things a newly-wed bridegroom must be wary of: Excessive drinking and the so-called friends who have cast their eyes upon the bride. But Peter was so engrossed by the fact that after all he had managed to win the much-courted Ina that he downed one bottle of beer after the other to celebrate his conquest. But here he overestimated himself and soon he was so pissed that he had to be carried to bed by two helpful friends – much to the disappointment of the bride whose cunt had long been lubricating in expectation. She tried to shake him awake but all in vain. In the meantime all the guests had left, except for the two friends who were still looking for an opportunity to tackle the damned tempting bride.

Vor zwei Dingen sollte sich ein frischgebackener Bräutigam mit einer jungen hübschen Braut hüten: Vor übermäßigem Alkoholgenuss und vor den sogenannten guten Freunden, besonders jenen, die es schon immer auf die Braut abgesehen hatten. Aber Peter war so berauscht von der Tatsache, dass er endlich die allseits begehrte Ina geehelicht hatte, dass er unbekümmert Flasche für Flasche hinter die Binde goss, bis er so besoffen war, dass er von zwei hilfreichen Freunden ins Schlafzimmer getragen wurde, zur grossen Enttäuschung der Braut, die – vergebens – versuchte, ihren besoffenen Ehemann wach zu rütteln. Aber bei Peter war alles zu spät. Die ganzen Hochzeitsgäste hatten sich inzwischen schon verzogen, bis auf die beiden Freunde, die hier schon eine willkommene Gelegenheit witterten, die verdammt attraktive Braut – sozusagen im letzten Augenblick – in die Mangel zu nehmen.





Indeed, Ina was a real stunner, a delectable example of the sultry, exotic type. Peter's behaviour had wounded her deeply. Getting blinding drunk on their wedding night, making a spectacle of himself, and cheating her, too! So, by and large, she was not shocked when she realized what the two boys were hinting at but rather felt like accepting ... After all they were not at all bad-looking and they eagerly helped her to place the snoring Peter in a chair so that she could at least sleep in her own bed!

Und Ina war tatsächlich verdammt anziehend und sah verführerisch aus. Sie war ein ziemlich exotischer, südländischer Typ. In ihrem Innern war sie enttäuscht und verletzt. Ausgerechnet in der Hochzeitsnacht musste Peter sich so vollaufen lassen und sie vor den ganzen Gästen blamieren. Daher war sie gar nicht abgeneigt, die anzüglichen Angebote der beiden Freunde abzuschlagen. Und ausserdem sahen die beiden anderen Burschen auch nicht gerade schlecht aus. Und dann waren sie so hilfsbereit, den schnarchenden Peter in einen Sessel zu verpflanzen, damit sie wenigstens in ihrem Ehebett schlafen konnte!





The two friends did not hesitate to seize the opportunity. Karl quickly snatched a kiss while Bent tentatively began to stroke her breasts. What a sensation! Hidden in her bra were two large, soft breasts, warm and yielding to his touch. In just a few moments they had stripped off her elegant white wedding dress, revealing a bride who had put on her sexiest underwear for the one and only wedding night ... and nobody was going to cheat her of that experience! She was trembling with lust. The thought that she was going to be fucked by two men who were almost strangers to her, and on her wedding night, too, made her as randy as a monkey. Panting with lust she grabbed the two rigid cocks, thrusting them alternately into her mouth, drawing back the foreskins with her lips – she was no longer the innocent bride!

Die beiden Freunde erfassten sofort die günstige Gelegenheit und griffen zu. Karl küsste sie blitzschnell, während Bent ihr – zunächst noch etwas vorsichtig – an die Brust langte. Was für ein Gefühl! Unter ihrem Büstenhalter hatte sie grosse weiche Brüste, die beim Kneten etwas nachgaben. Im Laufe weniger Sekunden hatten die beiden Kumpels das flotte weisse Hochzeitskleid heruntergestreift. Vor ihren Augen eine Braut die sich – was die raffinierte Reizwäsche betraff – ganz auf eine unvergessliche Hochzeitsnacht vorbereitet hatte. ... Ina brannte vor Geilheit. Irgendwie machte sie das wahnsinnige Gefühl, in ihrer eigenen Hochzeitsnacht von zwei ihr fast fremden Männern gefickt zu werden – teuflisch scharf, und völlig wild vor Geilheit schnappte sie sich die beiden steifen Schwänze und lutschte sie wie besessen abwechselnd ab. Die gekonnte Art und Weise, wie sie mit ihren sinnigen Lippen die Vorhaut hin und her schob zeigte an, dass sie keine unschuldige Braut mehr war.

































Bent and Karl groaned and moaned loudly without caring about the snoring Peter – he was too drunk to sense anything at all. Bent was the first to plant his prick in her delicious cunt. He was lying on his back and Ina speared herself on his cock, crying out in randiness when she felt the fat tool penetrating her dripping quim. She was so turned on that one cock was not enough for her so she caught Karl by the prick, showering kisses on the glistening knob. To Karl's great relief Bent soon shot his load, leaving the arena to him. He rammed his dick into her from behind and Ina responded vigorously by wiggling her arse lustily ... she had never dared dreaming of such a fantastic wedding night. And all along Peter slept like a log, not even stirring when his wife climaxed with a piercing scream of lust!

Bent und Karl stöhnten hemmungslos ohne Rücksicht darauf, dass Peter im Sessel lag und wie ein Bär schnarchte. Bent war der erste, der in ihre himmlische Votze eindringen durfte. Er lag auf den Rücken und Ina liess sich im Reitsitz auf ihn fallen. Sie seufzte geil, als sie spürte, wie sich das Ungetüm vom Schwanz in ihre nasse Scheide bohrte. Sie jubelte vor Glück und schnappte sich Karls Schwanz, um mit ihrer Zunge blitzschnelle, kreisende Bewegungen auf seiner Eichel zu verursachen. Zu Karls grosser Erleichterung kam Bent ziemlich schnell, sodass er mit dem Bumsen an die Reihe kam. Er besorgte es ihr von hinten, eine Geste, die sie dankbar erwiderte ... eine solche rauschende Hochzeitsnacht hatte sie sich nicht in ihrer wildesten Phantasie träumen lassen. Und Peter schlief nicht den Schlaf der Gerechten, sondern der Besoffenen und wachte nicht einmal auf, als seine Frau im Orgasmusrausch einen spitzen geilen Schrei ausstieß und dann röchelnd zusammensank!



His voice cracked when he told her to pull up her skirt. But Lone was still passive, her eyes were closed and she was on the point of fainting.

"Then I have to do it myself." Madsen slowly removed part of the skirt, exposing the taut white skin. One hand slid across one of her buttocks and he gave a tentative push with one finger up her arsecrease. Lone started and raised her head.

"Don't, please don't," she said.

Now she became aware of her uncomfortable position, her head almost touching the floor, and she tried to get up but Madsen shoved her back. "Here we go," he said. He raised his right hand, hesitating just a few seconds before he hit the buttocks with a stinging slap. He could clearly see the marks of his five fingers on her white skin. Lone gave a painful moan. "Shut up!" Madsen screamed, "I'll teach you to steal from me, I'll teach you to answer back!" He screamed at her defenseless body which only moved whenever his hand hit the rounded buttocks. She sobbed silently, hating this tiny little man who humiliated her in this brutal way. She managed to grasp one of his legs with both her hands and tried to bite him. But a stinging smack made her stop and she reverted to her former passive state.

Madsen was now in a state of euphoria, his hand moved up and down and he called her all the foulest names he could think up.

After a while, however, his arm grew tired, the angry smacks lost their force and his face took on a saner expression. Lone had not moved, she was still lying across his lap like a lifeless doll. He wheezed and puffed. "Well," he said, "have you had enough?"

She seemed to wake up and began to move. Her bottom was burning as if it were on fire, but she did not answer. She could still feel his big tool pushing against her belly. She raised her head and tried to get up. But her boss shoved her down again. "Oh no, we're not finished yet," he said. "What was your age, now? Seventeen, isn't it? I think I'll just check whether you're still a virgin." With one hand he pushed her thighs apart so that her cunt crease appeared. The other hand slid under her and tried to slip into her pussy. Without realizing what she was doing, she raised her belly and thus helped him find her clitoris. The short, fat fingers screwed into the tight little hole and to her surprise Lone felt a sensation not unlike lust . . .

Madsen reacted violently. "So you've tried it before, you dirty bitch!" A stinging smack made her shift her arse

thighs she was filled with loathing. She almost screamed and nearly rushed out of the door. Madsen seemed to sense her feelings. He reached out and clutched her arm firmly. "You are not going to make trouble, are you!" he said madly, "Get your knickers off!" He released her arm and she remained dull and motionless in front of him. "Please, not on my bare bottom, please, please . . ." Lone sobbed and her body shook violently.

"Will you get started, you bloody bitch," Madsen bellowed. His rage was deliberate. He was going to bully this saucy tart into doing every thing he told her. He did not give a hoot for the gown and the money he had lost. But he was going to teach that impudent little hussy that he would not tolerate her slighting looks and remarks any longer. His manhood would soon make her cry with pain.

Lone began to pull down her knickers. She felt her boss's greedy eyes burning into her flesh. The black, gossamery knickers were now below the edge of her skirt.

"Please, won't you let me off?" Lone pleaded as if it were her life. But the fat little man was immovable.

Lone gave up and with a deep sigh she let her knickers flutter on the floor.

A helpless tool in his hands she step-

ped up to him. Her hands were hanging down passively and her face was devoid of emotion. Madsen's, on the other hand, was flushed a deep crimson, his expectations were soaring higher and higher, his fingers were restless and his cock seemed to be ready to burst through his trousers. He exulted at her submission and her fear, not for one second did he realize that he might be doing another human being irreparable harm. Or perhaps he enjoyed the thought . . .

He suffered from a disease common to many short men: he loved and feared tall women at the same time, and this one . . . goddamn her, he would put her in her place.

"All right, across my knees!" he ordered abruptly and hoarsely, pinching her thigh. "Ah, those lovely legs," he said, "get down before I begin to use other methods."

Filled with loathing Lone lay down across her boss's knees, closing her eyes when she felt his stiff cock pushing against her belly. He smelled, of sweat and urine.

With happy eyes Madsen watched the incredibly delectable arse that pushed against the skirt. Although her charms were still covered up, he sensed her deep cleft and he could clearly smell the intoxicating scent of young woman.

and he tried to get all five fingers round to her cunt.

Lone felt drawn towards the strange blend of pain and beginning pleasure. She wanted more and screwed her cunt against Madsen's hand, while at the same time she tried to avoid his slaps. "Bitch, bitch, bitch!" he screamed. He let go of her cunt, tearing madly at her skirt, ripping the material to pieces. Lone could not control her feelings any longer. The pain from her crimson buttocks mingled with the randomness from her cunt. She almost liked it better than when Orla touched her up, he was far too considerate. She rubbed her belly against Madsen's stiff prick and felt his vehement reaction. He moved his hips to and fro in rhythmical shoves. Then he suddenly stopped and pulled her on her feet in front of him. She had closed her eyes, standing with her legs apart and her cunt gaping randily.

The boss encircled her thighs and hips with his arms, and screwed his mouth into her cunt, his tongue lapping at her slit till she panted with lust. He was no longer a disgusting little man, he was a lover who sent delicious thrills through her body.

Her cunt was soaking wet and she was approaching her climax when Madsen stood up. Leading her across the room,

he made her lie down on a couch. As she watched him tearing his cock out of his trousers, she forgot all about his ugliness, she only had eyes for his stiff cock.

He bent over her and she spread her legs in expectation but he roughly pulled her round till she was kneeling on all fours.

He stepped behind her and she felt his hot hands groping on her tender arsecheeks. She whimpered softly when she felt him pulling her buttocks apart and pushing his mouth against her arsehole. Just as his fingers had moved in and out of her cunt, now his tongue penetrated her tiny tight arsehole. He panted but continued to push his tongue into the sensitive orifice. She was surprised and a little nervous . . . she had never thought of using her arsehole for making love.

Madsen leaned back, pulled the buttocks even further apart and eyed the glistening little hole with glee. »Oh, what a delectable arsehole!" he exclaimed.

Lone was not prepared when she felt the knob of his cock pressing against the rim. "But it's the wrong hole!" she screamed and tried to pull away. But Madsen's fat cock was already buried in her arse. She thought he was splitting her bottom, she opened her

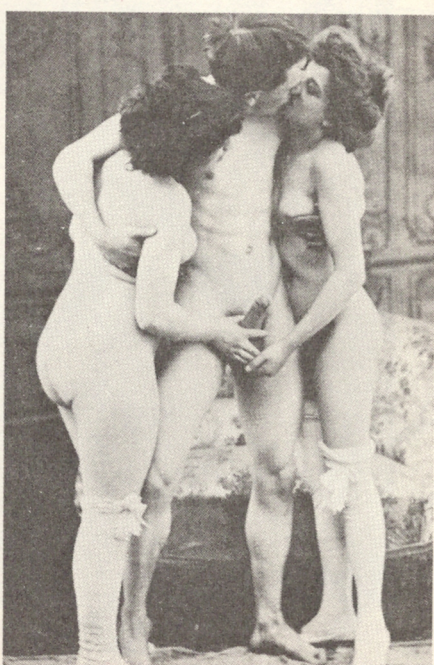
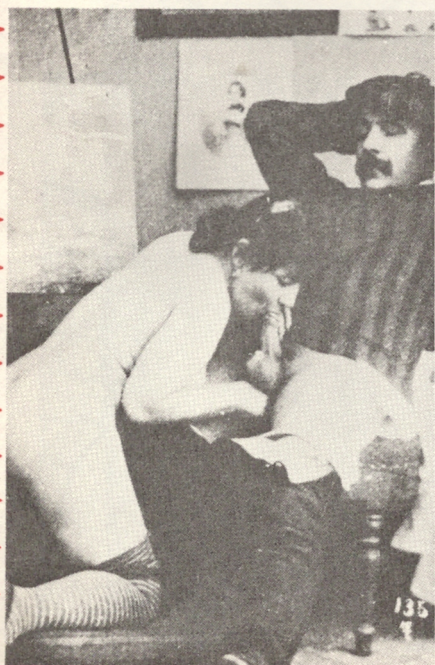
mouth to scream, but suddenly the pain changed . . . His fingers were frigging her cunt feverishly and the feeling of having his balls rubbing against her buttocks made her just as randy as had he stuck the cock up the other hole. Madsen moved faster and faster and his hands tickled her cunt at the same speed. Black spots appeared before her eyes when she felt the orgasm swelling inside her and at the same time she felt her boss emptying his cock in long spurts into her twitching arsehole . . .

She collapsed on the couch and did not even notice that Madsen withdrew his prick from her.

Half an hour later they were sitting

together on the couch. Madsen had found a bottle of sherry, the mood was friendly and Lone had got her saucy look back. "You're a dirty old man," she said, but she said it almost with love in her voice. "And it's very nice of you that I may choose some new clothes instead of those you tore up." Madsen spread his arms, "Just take whatever you fancy, my dear, only tell me when you do." Lone smiled across the brim of the sherry glass. "Cheers," she said, "don't worry, I'll tell you." And her smiling eyes held sweet promises. Madsen could not help patting one of her maltreated buttocks and she moaned a little but added, "I like to get new clothes often!"





COLOR - CLIMAX CAVALCADE

